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1800

MEMORIAL

OF

GEN. J. K. F. MANSFIELD,

UNITED STATES ARMY,

WHO FELL IN BATTLE

AT

SHARPSBURG, MD.

SEPT. 17, 1862.

BOSTON:
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1862.

TO THE

CITIZENS OF MIDDLETOWN,

WHO ESTEEMED

GENERAL MANSFIELD

IN LIFE,

Mourned him in Death, Honored him in Burial;

THIS MEMORIAL OF HIS WORTH

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR FRIEND AND FELLOW CITIZEN,

JEREMIAH TAYLOR.

ADDRESSES

AT THE

FUNERAL OF GENERAL MANSFIELD,

IN

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1862.

MR. TAYLOR'S ADDRESS.

THERE are marked days in the experience of all men — days in which some great calamity was born; and the index of heavy sorrow is evermore set over against them.

Such were the days of the past week to us all. It was known that the hostile forces in this nation were arrayed in such relative positions, that a severe engagement must inevitably and quickly transpire, and such a scene of carnage ensue as is not often witnessed on the field of Mars.

Oh! if the heavens ever seemed ready to fall and crush hope entirely, it was on Wednesday and Thursday last, while silence was so ominous and rumors from the scene of strife were so conflicting and unreliable. To add to the general interest which every one felt in the success of our arms, a special anxiety was awakened in this community,

owing to the fact that our fellow-citizen, Gen. Mansfield, was holding a prominent position in the engagement.

Thursday noon, in the midst of this terrible suspense, there came a line in one of the daily journals, which turned suspense into agony, and made all hearts palpitate as they have not been wont to do: — "Mansfield is killed!" Three words; but how broad their meaning, how electric their influence in this circle of his friends!

It quickly found its way to his family, and opened there the fountain of grief. It passed from lip to lip, as neighbor met neighbor in the street, with the half-spoken inquiry, "Can it be possible?" Oh! how thankful we were then, that newspaper tales had so often proved untrue; for we could not, we would not believe, though a crushing conviction told us we must. How heavy was the hour of agonized hope and fear in that home circle! At length hope predominates, for there came in the mysterious silence of a telegraphic despatch — "The General is badly wounded." He lives then! How does the heart of conjugal love long to fly to his side, to bind up his wounds, and bring back the fleeing spirit! What scenes of suffering the imagination paints for him, where he lies wounded, dying, it may be!

Again the winged messenger is at the door. It is all over—*death* is the word he speaks. Twenty-four hours the wounded hero lay weltering in his blood, and the strife was over. He had reached the victory which comes after dying. In those hours of suffering, his thought still lingers in battle-scenes, as he asks for the success of our arms. He tells his messages of love to the absent and cherished; he bequeaths his body to the sepulchres of his fathers; lifts his thoughts to God in prayer, and commends his departing spirit to his Saviour.

"Then in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun."

His faithful Aid, who had been by his side for more than a year, and seems to owe his own life to prompt obedience to the last command of his General, watched and soothed his last hours; and when the end came, took up the lifeless body, hoping to bear it hither, that friends might look once more their long, farewell look, upon his silent face and noble brow, before death had completed his work entire. But to make more poignant the event, this has been denied. He has come to us, but oh! how unlike his former self. He speaks

not. He moves not his majestic form along our streets. He returns no friendly salutations, no words of thanks, to those who in the stillness of the midnight hour go forth to meet him, as he did when borne hither triumphant from the victories of Mexico. No, he does not even go to his own home of love, where so warm a welcome has always awaited him. The Sabbath has come and gone since his return, but we found him not in his accustomed seat in the house of God. The symbols of death and mourning which everywhere meet us, tell the unwelcome tale. It is even so. Our beloved friend, our esteemed citizen, our heroic General, has indeed fallen! He has reached the end of earth! Nothing remains to us now of him but the memory of his virtues and noble deeds.

There are many aspects in which the character of the honored dead may be viewed to the highest advantage. So elevated was the position he held in the estimation of his fellow-citizens and companions in arms, that we may recite for him a remark recently applied to another of our fallen Generals, and which Lord Clarendon first uttered over the death of Sir Beville Grenville, at the battle of Lansdowne—"that it would have clouded any victory, and have made the loss of others less spoken of."

The brief space allowed me on this occasion, the proprieties of my relation to him as his pastor, suggest one, and only one topic, for this service. I WILL SPEAK OF HIM AS A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Whatever he may have been in other respects, his humble, consistent piety has spread a charm over all. And now, as his immortal part has gone to God, and we are soon to commit all of him that is mortal to the grave, how it enlivens the tomb, and abates our sorrow, to feel the assurance that he has gone to be evermore with the Lord; that he to-day wears such a crown of victory as adorns no warrior chieftain's brow on earth; but having overcome sin by the power of a saving faith, behold, he reigns with Christ!

When it is claimed for Gen. Mansfield, that he was a Christian; all admit the propriety of the claim. There is no uncertain ground here. He cordially received the distinctive doctrines of grace as presented in the gospel, and rested solely on the merit of Christ for salvation and eternal life. And the controlling influence of his life sprung from his faith. It is an interesting fact, that he made a public profession of his faith on the Fourth of July; indicating by the coincidence of the event with the day, that in him the Christian and the Patriot should be happily blended; that he who

was to die for his country would be the disciple of Him who gave his life for the world; that the soldier and the saint might be one.

It is told of him when in the Mexican war, that his tent was the place of daily prayer, when circumstances would permit. On referring to this fact, in conversation with him, and expressing my joy that a course so becoming a Christian had been maintained by him, his prompt reply greatly interested and impressed me: "What is more reasonable than the service which God claims of me?" To one who had been with him on terms of great intimacy during a year's campaign, where the worst features of human nature are revealed, the question was put: "Have you seen anything in him, or heard anything from him, to weaken your confidence in his piety?" His answer was prompt and immediate, "Never:" and added, that his life was a powerful and perpetual evidence of the truth in which he believed. In the stillness of the silent hour, from his room adjoining, there had often fallen on the ear the voice of his prayer.

We, too, who have been wont to worship with him in the same house of prayer, have often heard the voice of his supplications at the throne of grace. In his letters to his family, for many years, a divine benediction has ever formed the befitting

close. His last communings on earth, too, were with God in heaven. It has been said that his faith gave impulse and direction to his whole life. It made him brave in the hour of danger. Where duty called, he knew God would be with him. No form of self-denial could discourage him. Often he had been in positions of great exposure. Still, each new call for service found him as prompt and willing as before. The fervid climate of the south and the frigid atmosphere of the north were often endured in his country's cause. His property, too, was held as a sacred trust, to be used in God's service. He preserved simplicity in his style of living, that he might have more with which to meet the calls of charity and beneficence. He fed the hungry, clothed the naked, encouraged the young in laudable efforts to obtain an education, as few have had the privilege of doing. Many a young lady in this community has a prize in her keeping to-day, presented by him as a reward of merit.

Writing to a friend on the right use of property, he said, "I cannot do better with the means with which God has blessed me, than to carry out the purposes of him who has blessed me with what I have, and return him his own with usury, and that is my wish." Thus he lived, thus he labored; remembering the Lord that had bought him and

to whom he must render his final account. He, doubtless, would ascribe much of his success in life to this desire to serve and honor God. His record stands out fair on the roll of fame. Step by step, he had arisen, borne upward by sterling worth. Had his life been prolonged but for a few days more, it is believed he would have been promoted to the rank long since awarded him in the judgment of many. But he needed no more honor from men. He has gone up to join the service of Him, who has said to him, in the presence of angels and the hosts of heaven: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things."

"Soul of the brave, look backward in thy flight;
Our eye pursues thee, till thou 'rt lost in light;
There rest in peace, thy earthly pains forgot;—
Soul of the brave! how happy is thy lot!"

MR. JACKSON'S ADDRESS.

If, my friends, in the order of these mournful rites, the voice of a private citizen precede that of our worthy Chief Magistrate, and of the distinguished Senator here present to do honor to the illustrious dead, it is solely because it has been deemed fitting that some expression of the feelings of his fellow-townsmen, to whom he was best and longest known, should follow the simple and touching tribute of his Pastor, to his religious character.

Seldom is it permitted to survivors to indulge, as we may upon this occasion, the effusions of the heart with so little restraint, or fear of exaggeration. In ancient Egypt, a law subjected the dead to a solemn inquisition into their past lives, where all were invited to show cause, if any, why the privilege of honorable sepulture should be denied. Did such a law exist at this day, the friends of no man

could challenge that scrutiny with greater confidence, than those of Joseph Mansfield. We have known him from his boyhood, and watched with interest his steady and consistent march in the path of duty, through all the grades of his profession, up to the day when, having reached by arduous service its highest rank, he fell gloriously, as would every true soldier desire to fall, defending the violated laws of his country.

This vast assemblage, these unwonted and spontaneous funeral honors, testify to the hold he had upon our affections, and the universal esteem with which he was regarded throughout this, his native State. In social life, modest and unpretending; in all its relations, just and truthful; a brave, accomplished soldier; an earnest patriot, and an humble Christian; his memory will ever be dear to this community, and his name enrolled among those who have most honored their native land.

In his career, and that of the lamented Lyon, there were striking points of resemblance. Both, animated by the loftiest patriotism and a dauntless courage, fell in the front of battle, leading and inspiring their troops; both have crowned with unfading glory, the martial character of the Connecticut soldier; and both deserve, as I trust they will experience, the gratitude of our State, by such

monumental honors as shall preserve, to the latest posterity, the remembrance of their glorious examples.

For myself, nearly forty years of intimate friendship now rise up before me, full of the most pleasing, yet painful associations. Great griefs are silent, and it is difficult to speak with composure of the loss of one endeared by such tender memories. Never have I known him to swerve in the slightest degree from the path of honor and duty. But while his death fills our hearts with heaviness, there yet remains to one and all, this great consolation — that the influence of such a man dies not with him, but survives to animate future generations, and to kindle in the breasts of ingenuous youth, an emulation of his noble and magnanimous spirit.

MR. DIXON'S ADDRESS.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

As we behold the brave sons of Connecticut, one after another, falling on the field of battle, it may almost seem that our beloved State, doubly endeared by her abounding sacrifices in this hour of trial, is giving more than her part, in that richest of treasures—the blood of her children—to the war for the Union. Yet if she gives more than her part, she gives as freely as the light of heaven is this day poured down upon the world. Willingly she offers up her sons to die in the high places of the field; but oh, not without a pang—not without agonizing sorrow and regret. Beginning with a LYON and a WARD, she now closes the list—would that we might hope the long, sad list were indeed closed—with the name of the oldest and most distinguished of her military heroes. And what an offering is this that she

now makes! MANSFIELD! noble, brave, celebrated throughout the nation for his military skill and science; he too has died for his country, as a soldier might wish to die, on the field of battle, and in the hour of victory. How many more such sacrifices may yet be required of us, we cannot know; but we feel that we have already given of our noblest, our bravest, and our most fondly beloved.

As I stand here this day, in the midst of this vast assemblage of mourners, I am reminded of the time when I last saw Gen. Mansfield. It was on the 20th day of July, 1861 — the day before the fatal battle of Bull Run. He was then in consultation with Gen. Scott. Although the premature movement which resulted so disastrously was not advised or approved by him, yet he was ready to do all in his power to render it successful. Cool, collected, self-reliant, he seemed to me all that could be imagined or desired in a military hero. In that anxious hour he spoke of Connecticut, and I never shall forget the warm and earnest words with which he expressed his love and veneration for his native State. As he honored her in his life and in his death, so she, this day, standing as a mourner by his grave, honors him.

Of his life, his services, and his Christian character and example, you have heard to-day. His history is a record of duty nobly performed. Now that his work on earth is done, and his career of glory ended, we have come, with sadness and with pride, to lay his body in the grave. Such graves ennoble and illustrate our State; and of such graves, even within our narrow borders, there are many; yet among them all, from the grave of Putnam in the east, to the grave of Wooster in the west, there is none holier, none dearer, none more illustrious, than this, in the very heart and centre of Connecticut, where shall sleep, until the morning of the resurrection, the honored dust of MANSFIELD.

NOTE.—We are disappointed in not obtaining the earnest and appropriate Address of Governor Buckingham. As it was not reported, and entirely impromptu, he has not been able, in the midst of his other onerous duties, to devote time to recalling it.

REV. MR. TAYLOR'S DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

GENERAL MANSFIELD.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1862.

DISCOURSE.

2 SAMUEL, I. 25.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE? O, JONATHAN, THOU WAST SLAIN IN THY HIGH PLACES.

In the construction of the ancient tabernacle, the labors of the builder were guided entirely by a pattern given to Moses in the mount.

The eminence and variety of character presented in the Sacred Word leads to the thought, that here may be found a model after which might be fashioned those individual forms of development prominent in all the various departments of human society. The wisest lawgiver, the most profound judge, the ablest statesman, the finished orator, the sublime poet, the erudite scholar, the successful warrior will here find names and characters which challenge his emulation and distance his highest attainments. To the heroes of sacred history, there has ever been awarded, in the admi-

ration of the world, the highest place in the assembly of illustrious worth, where are enrolled the names that adorn the pages of all past time.

Doubtless their fame was in part due to the dark background upon which it rested; but it was chiefly the result of exalted personal merit, and the peerless light which fell upon them from the throne above. The age in which they lived was marked for its departure from righteousness; while they themselves were very holy, and lived in daily communion with God.

Prominent among the characters in the portrait gallery which is here thrown open to us, is that of Jonathan, the first prince in the house of Saul; the early, fast friend of David. And not one more charms the beholder. There was such purity in his friendship; his purpose was so open and noble; his life, both public and private, so abounding with disinterested labors, that he seemed an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. The wars that distracted the kingdom of Saul during his entire reign, subjected the nation to all the discipline and hardships of such a disastrous state. Jonathan was educated in this same school. The camp and the sword were his inheritance: and most nobly did he vindicate his right to be so intrusted. The fate of many a battle was decided by his

prowess; and when at last he fell on the field of the slain, there was no stain of cowardice or dishonor on his fair brow. In all the literature of eulogy, there does not appear another tribute to departed worth more tender and becoming, than that bestowed upon his best friend and the brave soldier, by David himself:—"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. How are the mighty fallen. * * From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back. * * How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O, Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places! I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" Great was the occasion, most appreciative and lofty the thought that has immortalized it.

It need not be spoken in this presence, what has turned the thought of the hour to this name of such merit and exaltation. Of all the characters that adorn and enrich the historic page of sacred military fame, there seems not another more worthy to be regarded as the bright example after which our own lamented Mansfield was fashioned, than just this one. The eminent virtues of the

one, were prominent traits in the life of the other. So also both fell, led on by the purest devotion to their country's weal, when the nation they served could ill spare their marked ability; at the head of their armies, while the dark tempest was still passing on in its widening way of desolation and death.

No nobler, or more becoming public tribute could have been bestowed on the name and memory of a fallen warrior-patriot, than that offered on Tuesday last, at the shrine of him whom all delighted to honor. The whole pageant of civic and military procession seemed to have flowed together in one spontaneous, harmonious gathering, without call or premeditation; being thoroughly imbued with the one desire, to testify their deep sense of sorrow in view of the irreparable loss, to family and friends, state and nation, sustained in the event of his death. Nothing could be more grateful to surviving friendship, while passing; nothing more hallowed in the remembrances of future years. Yes, the funeral scenes of the twenty-third day of September, 1862, have left an impression of martial grandeur, while moving on to the grave of Mansfield, that will not fade away to the end of this generation. In what perfect harmony with the grand, moving spectacle, was

the calm, unclouded day, the canopy of the skies bending in love and mellowness, like that embracing the honored dead. And when the glorious orb of day passed through the gates of evening, as the mortal remains descended to the place of their repose beneath the sod, and night, dark night, closed the scene, how did nature even then seem in harmony with the mournful thought of the dispersing throng, 'We shall see his face no more;'

> "Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
> Over the unreturning brave — alas!"

A tribute no less worthy of departed excellence, and in beautiful harmony with the gentle spirit and silent influence of the great and good man whose character and deeds had awakened such thoughts of love, purity and elevation, of virtue and education, in the mind of the young—was bestowed on his memory on Thursday last, at the Young Ladies' Seminary, where his presence had so often been greeted, and his words fallen in benedictions, and his hands borne gifts.

I shall hope not to disturb what has been so well done, by reciting the events and memories of his life. Propriety demands of us another service here, in the sanctuary of our religious love. With us, he has often come hither in company. Here was

his chosen place of public worship, from which he was never absent when at home and in health. In the hush of this Sabbath hour, let us then speak of his virtues; recall his example; together mourn our heavy bereavement; and especially embrace in our sympathy and prayers, the family of his love, where the withering blow of his death has so heavily fallen. With such aids as have come to us, we will delineate his life and character, and thus set up our monument of grateful remembrance. This, to me, is a work of love. Heavy as my heart is, under a sense of the private and public loss we have sustained, I count it one of the imperishable pleasures of my life, that I have known him and shared his confidence and esteem. "I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

Joseph King Fenno Mansfield was born in New Haven, December 22, 1803. He was the son of Henry and Mary (Fenno) Mansfield, and was the youngest of six children; three sons and three daughters. Two sisters are all that now remain of the family. Though born elsewhere, his earliest recollections of life were with this city, the residence of his maternal grand-parents, and where his own home has for the most part been during

his entire life. History has ever loved to record the fact, when exalted merit has been the result of personal effort. Young Mansfield was early made to feel that he must depend upon himself, and if he held place and position, he must labor to win the prize. He is remembered by those who were associated with him in boyhood, and on the arena of early educational strife, with very pleasing recollections:

'The child was father of the man.'

The same traits of character which distinguished him in mature age, were then apparent in elementary forms. His thoughts were elevated and pure, his bearings noble, his aspirations high. He was diligent in the use of the means placed within his reach for mental culture. His opportunities in that direction were only such as the common schools of his native State afforded, up to the age of fourteen years. He was then transferred as a cadet, to the Military Academy at West Point. He completed the prescribed course of study in that institution in five years. His class numbered forty. He was the youngest member, yet when he graduated he took the second position of honor, especially distinguished for his excellence in the exact sciences.

Every man who makes a mark on his age and nation has a two-fold life. One is the man in public, moving amidst the stirring events of the hour, putting his hand to great enterprises, and shaping the course of moulding influences. The other constitutes the more quiet, unobtrusive flow of his being. It is marked by his private virtues. It reveals what he is, in the narrow circle of his influence. It gives us an insight into his private character, his home loves. It is the man in his undress, where he appears without disguise. The character of a man can never be faithfully revealed, but by the careful study of both these departments of being. Many a one has a fair record in public, who needs the mantle of charity for a robe so soon as he withdraws to the more retired walks of life. There are those not a few, who can hold armies in delightful subjection, who fail to keep themselves under lawful restraints. Some can conquer cities, but cannot rule their own spirits. A great man, a noble soul, manifests himself to be great and noble, by a faithful discharge of all the claims that may be binding upon him all through the walks of life. He meets the calls of duty, come when and where they may.

To understand the character of the subject of these memoirs, we shall need to follow him along

the stirring events of what is well known, and then in the circle of home-life. The natural order is to trace first his military career.

The same year, 1822, in which young Mansfield graduated, he received the appointment of brevet second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, of the United States Army. And from that hour to the time of his death at the battle of Sharpsburg — a period of more than forty years — he has been the devoted servant of his country. No hour of his life has he been free from her commands. She had only to say, Go, and he went — Come, and he came. No labor, no self-denial has deterred him an hour from the assigned duty. The register of service actually done by him will reveal the fact, that his works have been more abundant than are ordinarily performed by those in his profession and rank.

At the expiration of ten years of service, he was commissioned first lieutenant, and three years later was made captain. This was the rank he held when he went to the wars of Mexico, under General Taylor. His bravery was so marked and his gallantry so meritorious in the defense of Fort Brown, that he was brevetted major. In this engagement, as well as during the war of 1846–7, he was intrusted by the General Commanding,

with the important and responsible post of chief engineer; and he so discharged his duties as to earn for himself lasting honor, and bring proud success to our arms.

It is conceded on all hands, that the victory of Monterey was won through his counsel and efforts. In this engagement he was severely wounded, and carried some of the injuries there received to the day of his death. The coincidence of time impresses us. At Monterey, in the battle of the 21st, 22d and 23d of September, 1846, he was terribly wounded; and during those same days, in 1862, his body, wounded even to death, in the engagement at Sharpsburg, lay here in state, awaiting distinguished honors in burial.

In five months after the battle of Monterey, he had so far recovered from his injuries as to be again at his post of duty. For his services, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel; and at the battle of Buena Vista, where he displayed the same skill and heroism as on previous occasions, he rose to the rank of colonel, as due to his merit.

In 1851, while still captain in the Corps of Engineers, his name standing third on the list, there were associated with him many of the officers so prominent at the present time in the service of

the Rebel and the Federal Army. Generals Halleck and McClellan were his associates, as well as Beauregard and Lee. With what a reproachful word might he have pointed to his death-wounds, and addressed each of these his old companions in arms against him, "*Et tu, Brute?*"

In 1853, Colonel Mansfield was selected to fill the high position of Inspector General of the army, and in discharge of the duties of his office, visited all parts of our country, and some sections many times; being absent from home on some of these visits of inspection more than a year at a time. In this service he was engaged in Texas at the commencement of the present sad state of the country. His thorough acquaintance with the different sections of the Union enabled him to see the magnitude of the increasing evil as but few could do, and not one felt more deeply than did he, the mortification that there was not courage and strength in the Government at that period, to crush the outbreaking spirit of disloyalty and treason. He said a man-of-war or two might have put an extinguisher on the whole bursting flame of secession, and have saved the country its horrible agony of blood.

He was called home in the spring of 1861, to await for a season the duties to which the

drifting events in the country might call him. To make the record of his life complete, it should be mentioned, that for twenty years, in the department of engineering, he was erecting the fortifications along our extended coast. Prominent among the works which he planned and superintended in building, is Fort Pulaski, admitted by all familiar with its strength, to be a model of its kind; and presenting a claim to be the very best defensive fortification in the possession of our Government.

During some of those anxious days that followed the attack on Fort Sumter, Colonel Mansfield remained in town, in a state of trying suspense. As the war horse, whose mettle the bugle has stirred, scents the battle from afar, and longs for the strife, so our friend stood looking out on the disturbed elements, eager to aid, to the extent of his power, in quelling them. At length, an order came, assigning him duties in the north-west. But he had scarcely reached his destination, when his presence was demanded immediately in the metropolis. Washington was in danger; and to him the authorities looked as the proper person to secure its defense. In the meantime, there were occurring those startling scenes of the ever-memorable nineteenth of April. New England blood had been shed in the streets of Baltimore, and the whole

North was in a blaze. How the heart aches, and the brain fires, even now, in recollection of those times and events. Colonel Mansfield, coming from the west, in hopes of reaching Washington via Baltimore, found himself shut off from the railroad, and was obliged to make his way on foot and alone, as best he could. Those were hours when no one could tell who were the friends or the foes of the country. Several days were passed before he worked his way through, and his rations were not at all times very liberal for a private soldier. A dry biscuit or cracker was all the food he could obtain for one day. But the end came at last. He reports himself at headquarters, ready for duty, and is immediately placed in command of the forces detailed for the defense of the capital.

April 30, '61, the journals of the day announced, "Colonel Mansfield is now in command of the troops at Washington. He is an officer of high attainments and great experience." The whole North seemed to breathe easier, seeing, as they thought, the right man in the right place. Soon the cheerful note came to us, "Washington is safe." Arlington Heights were crowned with fortifications under his careful eye, and order held the sceptre over the agitated city. What prayers were offered for him,—what interest felt in his behalf.

in those days of solemn responsibility, when the eyes of the civilized world were turned towards him and the city of his guardianship, need not here be spoken. May 17, he was promoted to a brigadier generalship in the regular army.

There were many scenes of thrilling interest occurring in every day life, while he was at Washington. It was a new theatre upon which the nation was launched, and well-nigh every act was new. Confidence in man was destroyed; life and property had lost the pledges of their past security. Willard's Hotel and the adjoining buildings are threatened with the devouring flames. The General is called from his slumbers to battle with this new foe. He quickly marshals into service a company of Ellsworth's Zouaves, and they handle the uncaged element as they would a lamb; by their wild manœuvres and dexterous movements making the whole scene one of the most graphic of its kind in history. The brave, though indiscreet Ellsworth met his untimely fate in those days of anxious suspense; and in his death the Government was destined to see blasted the hopes it had cherished respecting the efficiency of that mode of warfare which had been introduced by him. Over the decayed beauty, and perished expectations, and unhallowed martyrdom of the

youthful soldier, no tear of affliction more truly spoke the deep emotion of the prompting heart of grief than that shed by Mansfield.

He was favored with many assurances of the high regard in which he was held by the citizens. None could have been more pleasing than that furnished on the Fourth of July. The day had been observed under his direction, in appropriate forms of celebration. At the close, he found himself in receipt of a superb offering of flowers, accompanied with the following written testimonial:

FOR GENERAL MANSFIELD.

Beloved by his friends:
Esteemed and trusted by his acquaintances:
Honored by all, as the good man, the noble and efficient officer,
the just and loyal citizen,—
May his life measure many years.

He retained his command in Washington until the 17th of August, 1861. Such changes were then made in the military departments as led to his removal from that post. He embraced the opportunity which then offered to make a brief visit to his family and friends, in this place,—the only time he has been home since called to the scenes of war. Many complaints have been brought against officers and privates, that they

have exhibited criminal neglect in being from their posts of duty in the hour of need. No such charge has ever adhered to General Mansfield. He has seen the year come and go while away from home, although but a few hours of distance intervened between him and those he so tenderly loved. He longed for the end of the strife, that he might come home; but while the war lasted his course was plain.

On his visit referred to, we were gratified to find the Christian still eminent in the soldier. He was in his place in the lecture preparatory to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Sabbath ensuing, the first in September, one year ago, he partook of the sacrament with us. He remained during the following week — was in church one Sabbath more, and returned to his public duties the next Monday. While at home on this occasion, an earnest desire was felt on the part of the citizens generally, that some ovation should be tendered him. The limited time of his stay precluded this. The late Samuel Russell threw open his mansion to an impromptu gathering of his friends and admirers, which doubtless was more agreeable to the General's feelings than any formal reception.

Mr. Mansfield has ever been in high esteem in

this place of his residence. Of him it can be truly said, 'Nowhere else has the prophet had more honor than in his own country and in his own house,' so rare has been the felicity of his life and presence among us. Fresh in the memory of most in this audience, is the scene of welcome which greeted his return from the wars of Mexico. One who was an actor in that highly becoming transaction has made this record:—

"It may well be doubted whether on any occasion a distinguished individual has ever received a more hearty welcome, or a more gratifying reception than has Colonel Mansfield, when more than one thousand of his old friends and acquaintances, neighbors and fellow citizens, hastily collected together to offer him a renewed tribute of their esteem and respect."

The private life of our friend may be said to have closed on his return to the seat of war. The year that has passed since that, has found him wholly absorbed in labors for the public weal. We turn back, therefore, at this point, to trace the current of events which delineate his life and character in the narrower and less conspicuous sphere of his duties. Two months after he was promoted to a captaincy, he was united in marriage to Louisa M., daughter of Samuel and Catharine Livingston

Mather, of this city. With the exception of some five years, during which they resided in Brookline, Mass., their home has been here. The family residence of the parents became the home of the daughter on their demise; so that, under the same roof she has participated in her early joys and later sorrows.

In 1843, July 16, death entered their family and removed their second son, aged nine months; with that exception, the family has been spared the visits of the destroyer until this late great bereavement, now stirring so many emotions. Four children — two sons and two daughters — survive to comfort and sustain the widowed mother; the eldest of whom has just entered the profession of his father. God grant that the fallen parent may appear again in the son, in all that is true and noble; and may all the children live to adorn the quiet circle of home life, and sustain the rich inheritance which the great and good man has left to his household.

Mr. Mansfield made his public profession of religion on the fourth day of July, 1841. It was the privilege of the late Dr. Crane, to welcome the soldier in his country's service, to enrollment in the grand army of the cross of Christ. The thought is pleasant to us in the midst of the

services of this hour, that they have met again, and pledged their eternal friendship in a cup from the fruit of the vine in the kingdom of our Father. The piety of General Mansfield was the resultant of a happy flowing together of a sincere trust in Christ, as the only hope of salvation; and great activity in the labors of a religious calling. He believed, and therefore spoke and did. He was active and cheerful. He saw things on their bright side: was never desponding. He had been in too much service; witnessed too much real danger, to be borrowing trouble over any imaginary evil. While careful and provident, his life was a happy exemplification of the precept of our Lord, — 'Let the morrow take thought for the things of itself.'

An anecdote is told of him by a friend, which illustrates his character in this particular. To a little group of friends, he had been narrating some of his narrow escapes from danger, when a lady asked, "Were you not frightened?" "No, Madam," was the prompt reply, "we are never afraid, but we take great precautions."

It serves not a little to relieve the gloom of the war scenes of earth, that so many honored servants of the Lord have been found in the midst of them. Away, forever away, with that sickly sentiment.

that a brave soldier cannot be a true Christian. It has been said, and very justly too, that it takes a very devout man, or one wholly indifferent to religious obligation, to make a good soldier. The best examples of the soldier have been found often in connection with the most devout life of the saint. Christ found no where else in Israel such faith as in the centurion, a Roman soldier. The chosen instrument for exemplifying grace to the Gentile world was Cornelius, the captain of the Italian band. "A devout man, one that feared God, with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway." Headley Vicars and General Havelock are honored saints of later times. And to the galaxy, where around the same name appear the bright honors of the soldier and the virtues of the saint, we add one more star to-day.

We could wish that the material and the compiler both were here, to give an enlarged and permanent view of the character before us. What would be more suited to stir our young men with a spirit of lofty patriotism and Christian heroism, than to hold up to their view, the eminent virtues of our own honored dead, in whom are so happily blended the patriot and Christian saint and soldier! In the light of such an example, they would learn

how to live; how to be brave and noble; how to die.

Goodness is like a fountain of living waters, always gushing and flowing to beautify and enrich some spot. It is like the light, all pervading; ever opening up some valuable secret. It was so in the character of our Christian brother. His goodness was a robe in which he was adorned. He was known in the streets as a good man. Many an humble person fondly remembers him, because he had a kind word, a pleasant smile, or both, when they casually met in the street. His heart was full of tenderness and sympathy for the suffering, wherever it might be found. Like others who have regarded the man, irrespective of the character he might bear, his alms fell into the lap of suppliants freely, often

> "Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
> His pity gave ere charity began."

In the larger field of Christian beneficence, his heart was enlisted with generous sympathies. He gave, both from a sense of religious obligation, and the rich pleasure which it imparted. From the opportunities which had been afforded him, he had taken a careful survey of the destitution and wants of our own land, and felt that the

Home Missionary work had special claims to his regard. This was his first love. Then in the circulation of the Bible he took a lively interest. In the Word of God he saw the palladium of all that is valuable in civilization, exalted and permanent in material existence. But to mention all the objects for which he labored and prayed, and to which he contributed, the entire list of our Protestant associations for giving the gospel to the world would need pass in review. He believed the world belonged to Christ, and that his duty was, to labor together with God, to bring all things in subjection to Him.

He contemplated mental education in the broad light of a divine instrumentality. It was a part of the gospel plan for saving the lost. That the soul should be without knowledge, to him was not good. Education was an ornament; knowledge was power. More: it opened the way for grace to lead the soul into her temple of celestial beauty and everlasting life. The wise might inherit glory, but the companion of fools should be destroyed. With these convictions guiding him, he exerted his influence earnestly on the side of popular education. He took a lively interest in the success of all the educational institutions in this place. Seeing what others saw, the need of

greater facilities for female education here, he exerted himself to secure an institution of this kind, which might be second to none in New England. Failing in this, but not to be turned aside from his high and laudable purpose, he erected, with his own means, the costly and commodious edifice which is now occupied by a young ladies' school every way worthy the patronage of our citizens. From the property thus devoted, there has returned no income to himself.

As to the mode of conducting educational pursuits, his idea was broad and liberal. In our schools there was common ground; and the mind should be left to its loftiest flights, aided, but not impeded by religious instruction of a merely denominational kind. In his preferences for religious worship, he chose that form of preaching which made the gospel the great theme, and brought Christ and the soul most directly face to face; that which made man feel he was lost and needed a Saviour.

It has been said he was of the Puritan stock. Nothing is more true. All the elements and unfoldings of his being evinced him to be worthy of such a lineage. Had he lived in England in the days of the Protectorate, the Puritan cause would have had no firmer friend; its great leader no

braver soldier. His spirit of devotion was gentle. His prayers in public seemed like the pleadings of a child, simple, earnest, trustful. He talked with God, as one who had seen him, knew him intimately, and loved him sincerely. In the praises of the sanctuary he had great enjoyment; especially, the mild and tender in divine song had a peculiar charm for him. As was to be expected from such a man, he promoted the interests of the Sabbath school. When at home, he lingered in the pleasant scenes of the opening service, and sought in various ways to render it efficient and profitable.

Great and good men have usually exhibited a marked fondness for children. This was a leading trait in the character of Gen. Mansfield. Called, as he had been, so much from his own home circle, it was natural that when parent and child did meet, there should be a marked and mutual devotion. There is a pleasant scene which lingers on the memory, opening this feature of his domestic life. It was true of him, literally, as the prophet saith: 'A little child led him.' Often hand in hand with his little daughter, has the great soldier been lost in the tender parent, as they walked the streets in company, and paid their visits from house to house. How sad that

the scene is spoiled, the picture broken! May it not lose its influence on the child. May the father's hand hold her still. May she and the others so cherish the instruction and imitate the example of the sainted parent, that again their hands shall be joined in delightful and eternal fellowship, to walk the golden streets of the heavenly city, and be evermore at home in the mansions of the blessed!

From the nature of his profession, requiring great promptness of thought and action, it would be natural that he should have well-formed and positive opinions on all subjects within the range of his investigations. He was not, therefore, a man to be bribed or cajoled. He spoke, he acted, as to him seemed right. His word was law, where he ought to be obeyed. Yet one never yielded a point in debate more gracefully and cheerfully, when argument brought conviction. He could be firm as an oak; he could be pliant as a willow.

We come now to the closing period of his life. His last year of earth. He was with us in church, for the last time, September 8, 1861. Knowing of his departure the next morning, there was read and expounded in his hearing, from the Book of God, the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm. In a panoply of heavenly love and divine protection,

we sought to array him to meet the uncertainty of the dark future.

In the early train of the ensuing morning, he was borne from view. Had we seen then what has now come upon us, how we should have clung to him, as Elisha did to Elijah, to await the appearance of the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.

During the year, his name and deeds have been associated with Fortress Monroe, Newport News, and Suffolk. And it is but just to his merit to say, the field of his labor has not been commensurate with his talent, or such as was due to his large experience and past valorous deeds. The year has been to him one of tedious monotony. With the exception of the stir caused by the appearance of the Merrimac, and the brief naval engagement which her saucy visit provoked, there had opened to him no theatre where his energy and powers could be brought to bear. He has sighed for action in some field where his distressed country needed men of tried service. It was therefore a positive relief when the order reached him, calling him to Washington, evidently looking to future service, where the fate of battles was to be decided. He found, on reaching the capital, that a court of inquiry awaited his presence. When

its session had closed, and he was preparing to join the Army of the Upper Potomac, he was assigned his old trust. The commander-in-chief ordered him to inspect the fortifications about Washington.

While these things are passing, he greets a few old friends. A brother-in-law from this State dines with him on one of those anxious days. He writes to his son, just recovering from sickness at home, to come on and take a position on his staff. Thursday, the day he first had planned to leave the city, alive to the claims of a life-long friendship, he wrote a hurried line to Colonel Thayer, of Massachusetts, "I am in great haste. I shall leave to-day for McClellan's headquarters on the Upper Potomac. This is only to say, if I never see you again, that I have not forgotten your inestimable favors to me. May God bless you in your old age, and finally receive you into his glorious kingdom of heavenly peace." Two days later, the very day of his departure, he is dining with a friend from Massachusetts. His spirits are in fine flow until the hour of parting is near. His thoughts then seem abstracted, and busy with their own secret. Ah! who can doubt where his mental vision then rested? There doubtless rises to his view his home—his beloved family; and he longs to fly to

their embrace once more, before meeting the perils of the coming engagement:—

> "While memory each scene gaily covered with flowers,
> And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn."

He seems also to rest his eye on the dawning battle-field, with premonitions of coming ill. He awakes from the revery to speak the final word to his friend: "I am going into battle. If I fall, have my body sent to my friends in Middletown, Ct." His letters to his family of this date, tell but too plainly that he was alive to the dangers that were immediately before him. His closing words of love are, "All is uncertain in the future. May Heaven's blessing rest upon you." On Saturday, the 13th of September, he mounts his horse, and starts for the battle-field. A single Aid, Capt. Dyer, and a body servant, attend him. He presses on, all day Sunday. We may easily imagine where his pious thoughts found rest during that dreary Sabbath ride,—his last holy day of earth. Did they not come hither to mingle in the services of the sanctuary? Did he not catch glimpses of that rest which remaineth to the people of God, where there shall no more be the confused noise of the warrior, and garments rolled in blood,—no more pain,—no more death. Monday morning,

he reaches Middletown, Md., the headquarters of General McClellan, and reports himself for duty. He was immediately assigned to the command of General Banks's corps of eleven thousand men, in two divisions, under Generals Williams and Green.

Two days later, Wednesday, the painfully memorable 17th day of the month, he led his forces on to battle, at the early hour of seven o'clock, A. M. His practiced eye soon saw fear in the faces and movements of one of the new regiments. The charge of the enemy was terrible, and needed courage of no ordinary kind to withstand it. To inspire courage, he ordered his Aid to bring forward General Gordon's Brigade. In the meantime he pressed forward where the battle waxed the hottest, to inspirit the faltering. While thus throwing all the ardor of his soul into the engagement, at the head of General Crawford's Brigade, a minie ball entered and passed entirely through his body, piercing his right lung in its course. His noble steed shared the fate of the battle with his rider, and fell wounded by three balls. The engagement had been of but about an hour's continuance when these results had been reached. The General was borne from the field to die. He continued, however, to live for a day, and expired on Thursday morning, a few minutes past eight

o'clock. He died from exhaustion, induced through loss of blood.

True to the instincts of the patriot-soldier to the last, his thoughts were with the contending hosts. "How goes the battle?" was his repeated inquiry. "How fares it with my associates in command?" When told that Hooker and Burnside had fallen, overwhelmed with grief, he exclaimed, "Too bad.—too bad." "Poor fellows,—poor fellows." When assured that it was well with our army, his joy seemed great. When the report of the fallen Generals was contradicted, a weight of sorrow seemed to have passed from his heart.

In those thoughtful, solemn hours, when his life was fast ebbing, his home and friends came up for remembrance. To them he sent his love, and bequeathed his mortal remains. Knowing surely that he must soon die, he went as calmly to meet the all conquering foe, death, as to any of the pleasant duties of his past life. "It is the Lord's will, and is all right." His superior officer,—his supreme Lord, must be obeyed. Prayer gave wings to his soul, to bear it up to God. And his spirit of calm trust could sing, we doubt not, "'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies.' My Lord and Father in heaven, into thy hand I commend my spirit."

Kind and faithful were the attentions which smoothed his passage to the tomb. The best medical and surgical skill watched by his side. His faithful Aid, whom he addressed as his dear boy, anticipated every want, and scrupulously obeyed his injunction 'not to leave him.' Forgetful of himself, and of his own need, as he was wont, he urged the surgeons to leave him, to alleviate the wants of others. It is told of him, also, that when going into battle on the morning he was wounded, he was urged to put on a steel vest which had been tendered to him, his reply was, "No, my men have none, and I will share the dangers with them."

The place of his death, henceforth a sacred spot, was an old farm house consecrated to hospital uses, about a mile and a quarter from the spot where he fell, between Cadysville and Sharpsburg. The railroad station from whence the body was taken, is Monocacy, a short remove from Frederick City. At Baltimore, Lieutenant Mansfield and Hon. Benjamin Douglas, joined Captain Dyer in charge of the remains, on their way hither. The news of the fallen had gone before and pre-

pared the way for the most marked and honorable attention, to be bestowed upon the remains of the dead. Cities and railroad corporations vied with each other, in offering tokens of esteem.

The passage of his lifeless remains through the city of Baltimore, honored by an imposing escort of cavalry, was in marked and instructive contrast with his secret and difficult escape from that same city, in April, 1861, when summoned to his post of duty and danger, in the defense of the Federal Capital. Passing on to New York, the funeral cortege has a car placed gratuitously at its disposal, while the tender-hearted superintendant, with tears in his eyes, expresses his sense of personal loss, and remarks that the country has sustained a sore bereavement, for it has few such men as Mansfield to lose.

In New York, the privilege was craved of bestowing marked honor upon the dead. The request was, that the body might be suffered to lie in state for a day at the City Hall, for this purpose; and when those in charge felt constrained to refuse, in grief and much disappointment, they were told, "General Mansfield did not belong exclusively to Connecticut, but to the country; and they desired to give to the country evidence of their love and regard for him." A committee from

the Board of Aldermen urged the return of the sacred relics, to receive the homage of the citizens, even after they had passed on their way to their native State.

It is seldom that a living man, when withdrawing from the scenes of his past exploits, feels the great heart of popular sympathy, bearing him onward with its honors and praises, as in this instance the dead evoked the testimonials of highest regard. Does not such regard, shown to the character and memory of those who have fallen in defense of their country, tell more distinctly than words could do, where the heart of the people is in this great struggle? Does not it say, the Union must be preserved, cost what it may of life and treasure? Does not every additional offering of valuable life which we thus make, proclaim the hour is coming, when our nation shall stand forth honored by the world, as never before, loved and cherished by every citizen as never before, because we saw the hand of the destroyer upon it, and we rose in this the might of our strength, for her defense? We saw the heel of the tyrant upon her throbbing heart, and we brought all our treasures to purchase her deliverance! What is worth such a struggle, such a price, all men will say, is worth possessing. Oh! when the tempest is past, and the storm is

over, and the sky is serene as of yore—as will soon be—then, to thee, my beloved land, shall the honors of the earth be paid. "The sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee. The sons, also, of them that afflicted thee, shall come bending unto thee; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet."

It has been said that Republics are ungrateful: they honor not those who lay their foundations and rear their institutions. But we learn a different lesson to-day. Passing events assure us, the tried soldier, the devoted patriot, holds a place in the affections of his countrymen that nothing can destroy. As honorable as are the testimonials brought to the name and merit of the dead,—to the spirit of those offering them,—so soothing are they to this circle of bereaved friends, where rests the cloud,—where deep grief bows the spirit. It tells, too, what an inheritance such a deathless name, such exalted virtues, is to family and friends.

The end of earth, to General Mansfield, has in all respects been worthy of the patriotic, Christian soldier. He died at his post, with all his honors on,—his eyes not dimmed, nor his natural force abated. He stepped from the high wave of

earthly honor, into the sun-wrought chariot of light immortal. His name will go down the coming ages of our national history,—commemorated with Wolf, and Williams, and Warren, who fell in the earlier struggles of our national history; and with Lyon, and Reno, and Kearney, and a host of others, whose bones lie beside their country's altar to-day; and, what is better far, it shall shine as the brightness of the firmament forever and ever, in heavenly glory. Among the young men of America, the word MANSFIELD will be invested with talismanic power. As it is pronounced, Piety, Courage and Patriotism will stand forth in new and winning forms of beauty and strength. In the light of it, many will discover that God honors them that honor him; that "the way of the cross is the way of light." Come in thy many forms, O death, and thou art terrible:—

"But to the hero, when his sword
Hath won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

APPENDIX.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The following account of the Funeral of Gen. Mansfield, is taken from the Hartford Courant, of September 24, 1862.

Yesterday was a day of sorrow, not only in Middletown, (where the funeral took place,) but in the whole State. One of Connecticut's bravest heroes was consigned to the grave—Brigadier General Joseph F. K. Mansfield, killed at the battle of Sharpsburg. His body having been brought to Middletown, his native place, the funeral was announced for yesterday, at 2½ o'clock. Business in the town was generally suspended, and the stores and dwellings along the route of the procession were appropriately draped in mourning. On every side the national colors, festooned in crape, met the eye. Across the main street hung in several places the American flag, also shrouded in black. Emblems of sorrow were seen in all directions.

The body arrived early on Sunday morning, and in the evening it was taken to the North church, of which the deceased has been a member for a number of years. It was placed in the vestibule, which was prepared for the purpose. Flags were formed into a marquee tent, which was hung with black, while garlands of beautiful flowers fell from the sides. Stacks of muskets, ornamented with evergreens, stood in each corner. Within this tent, resting on the flag he so

much loved, and died fighting for, lay all that was mortal of the hero, inclosed in a rich coffin covered with black cloth. In the centre of the lid was a silver plate, with the inscription :

GEN. JOSEPH F. K. MANSFIELD,
U. S. Army.
Killed at the Battle of Sharpsburg,
September 17, 1862,
Aged 58 years and 9 months.

Around this was a wreath of white flowers. On the lid rested the sword, sash and chapeau of the dead soldier ; other flowers were lying on the coffin, and on the sides hung two elegant wreaths. Over the head was also suspended a beautiful wreath of fresh green laurel, and another reposed at the feet. Here the body lay in state, in charge of the Home Guard, and was visited by sorrowing crowds of friends.

At 2½ o'clock, the funeral services commenced at the house by a prayer, at which only the family and relatives were present. They then proceeded to the church, which was tastefully draped in mourning, the family pew being covered with black cloth. Arriving here, the family took seats around the body, and the exercises were conducted from the entrance of the church, so that all of the large assemblage, who could not obtain admittance, could hear. The services were opened by the beautiful chant, "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb," which was sweetly sung by the choir ; after which the pastor, Rev. Mr. Taylor, delivered an excellent address, paying a justly merited tribute to the Christian virtues of the departed. During his remarks he feelingly alluded to a singular circumstance in the life of the late General, that it was on the Fourth of July, the nation's birthday, that he professed religion, and said that his whole course of life had been a beautiful illustration of the happiness he then experienced.

The Mayor of Middletown then introduced the Hon. Ebenezer Jackson, a friend of Gen. Mansfield from his boyhood, who paid a high eulogium to the departed. He was followed by Senator Dixon, and His Excellency, Governor Buckingham, who also added passing tributes of esteem and respect to the memory of the deceased. These addresses were followed by the singing of the hymn, "Oh! weep not for the joys that fade," and the concluding prayer. At the close of the exercises at the church, the remains were placed in the hearse, and the procession formed in the following order:

Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, Maj. Silliman, 100 men.
Governor's Foot Guard of New Haven, Maj. Norton, 50 men.
City Guard of Hartford, Capt. Prentice, 65 men.
Colt's Armory Band.
Governor's Horse Guard of New Haven, Maj. Ingersoll, 120 men.
Governor's Horse Guard of Hartford, Maj. Waters, 60 men.
Third Artillery Band.
Bearers.
Mansfield Guard.
Aids of General Mansfield.
Body Servant and Horse.
Family and Relatives in carriages.
Committee of Arrangements.
Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council.
Town Authorities.
Governor Buckingham and Staff.
Maj. Gen. Russell and Staff.
Officers of the Army and Navy.
Military Officers off duty.
Mayors and Common Councils of the several cities.
Strangers. Reverend Clergy.
Members of the Bar. Medical Faculty.
Faculty and Students Wesleyan University.
Professors and Students Berkley Divinity School.
Board of Education. Public Schools.
Private Schools. Odd Fellows' Society.
St. John's Society. Fire Department.
Citizens generally.

After marching through the principal streets, they arrived at the Cemetery, where, after prayer, all that was earthly of the illustrious General Mansfield was lowered into the silent tomb. The Mansfield Guard then fired three volleys over the grave, and the concourse sadly dispersed.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

THE following tribute to the memory of Gen. MANSFIELD, appeared in the Cincinnati Gazette, from the pen of EDWARD D. MANSFIELD.

You will allow a friend and relative to notice briefly the character and death of General MANSFIELD, especially since there are many in Cincinnati who will remember his name with interest. I think it is one of our omissions of duty, not to have noticed more particularly the names and deeds of those who have fallen in defense of their country. The honors paid by the Greeks to their heroic dead was not the least of the inspiration which led them to noble action.

JOSEPH KING FENNO MANSFIELD was a younger brother of Captain John F. Mansfield, who commanded the Cincinnati Light Infantry in 1812; who, with his company, volunteered in the army of Hull, shared the disaster of his disgraceful surrender, and died of fever contracted on his return. Joseph was born at New Haven, Conn. At an early age, he was transferred to West Point as a cadet, where he became, during his residence, an inmate of my father's family. There he was ambitious, industrious, a close student, excelling in the sciences. He graduated in 1822, second in his class, and was promoted in the Corps of Engineers, in which he remained until he was appointed Inspector General.

For the next twenty years, he was chiefly engaged on works of engineering. Among his works was the building of Fort Pulaski, below Savannah. In the Mexican war he was one of the most conspicuous officers, as well as ablest, which that war brought into notice. He was the engineer at Fort Brown, while Taylor's army was advancing from Corpus Christi. He led a column (I believe of the Ohio troops) at the storming of Monterey, and was there severely wounded. He was the chief engineer of Taylor's army in the campaigns of 1846 and 1847. He stood with General Taylor beside Bragg's battery, in the battle of Buena Vista, and with glass in hand, at the critical moment when General Taylor was in doubt, advised him that the Mexican columns were wavering, and a little more firmness would determine the fate of the day.

For these important services, General Taylor and the country bestowed the most signal rewards of a soldier — successive brevets for distinguished conduct. He was brevetted major for the defense of Fort Brown, lieutenant colonel for the conflicts of Monterey, and colonel for meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista. Few officers of any army have been so distinguished for merit in the field.

After the Mexican war, he was made Inspector General of the Army, and in that capacity visited every part of our immense country, especially the remote posts of the army on the confines of New Mexico, Utah, Washington and Oregon. His last tour of inspection was in Texas, just previous to the outburst of the rebellion. At that time he wrote me a letter, stating what the public seemed not then to be at all aware of, — that the whole South would go out of the Union, and the war was inevitable, — that Texas was already desolated, and the ruin of that country would be complete.

Soon after the assault on Fort Sumter, commenced the great drama in which he was to take a distinguished, but brief and fatal part. The public heard of him as the com-

mander of Washington City, in that trying period subsequent to the battle of Bull Run, — then at Newport News, — then in command at Suffolk, Va.; and now, as pierced through the lungs, and dying on the field of Sharpsburg. It might have been supposed that an officer of so much experience, skill and courage, would, when military capacity was so much needed, have been placed in important commands, now filled by his inferiors. It is sufficient to say, that he was not one of those who are constantly demanding place and reward at the hands of the Government. He pleaded no political influence, and left place to follow his work, not to be sought after. These are not the times when silent merit takes precedence, or fit men are always put in fit places.

General Mansfield married Miss Mather, of Middletown, Ct., and has left a young family, one of whom has just graduated at West Point. In his character he was upright, scrupulously just, conscientious, domestic, and religious. In one word, he was one of those who have not lived in vain, nor died without a memory. He was one of a host of gallant, generous men, who are dead in defense of the noblest Government upon earth, and victims to the worst rebellion conceived by Satan since he was hurled from heaven. If they have failed in their glorious sacrifice, we may say with the prophet, "The righteous are taken from the evil to come." If they have succeeded, posterity will build their monuments.

"The brave
Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms for more — their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due—'t is they who saved us."

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